HERE IT IS! THE PAPER WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

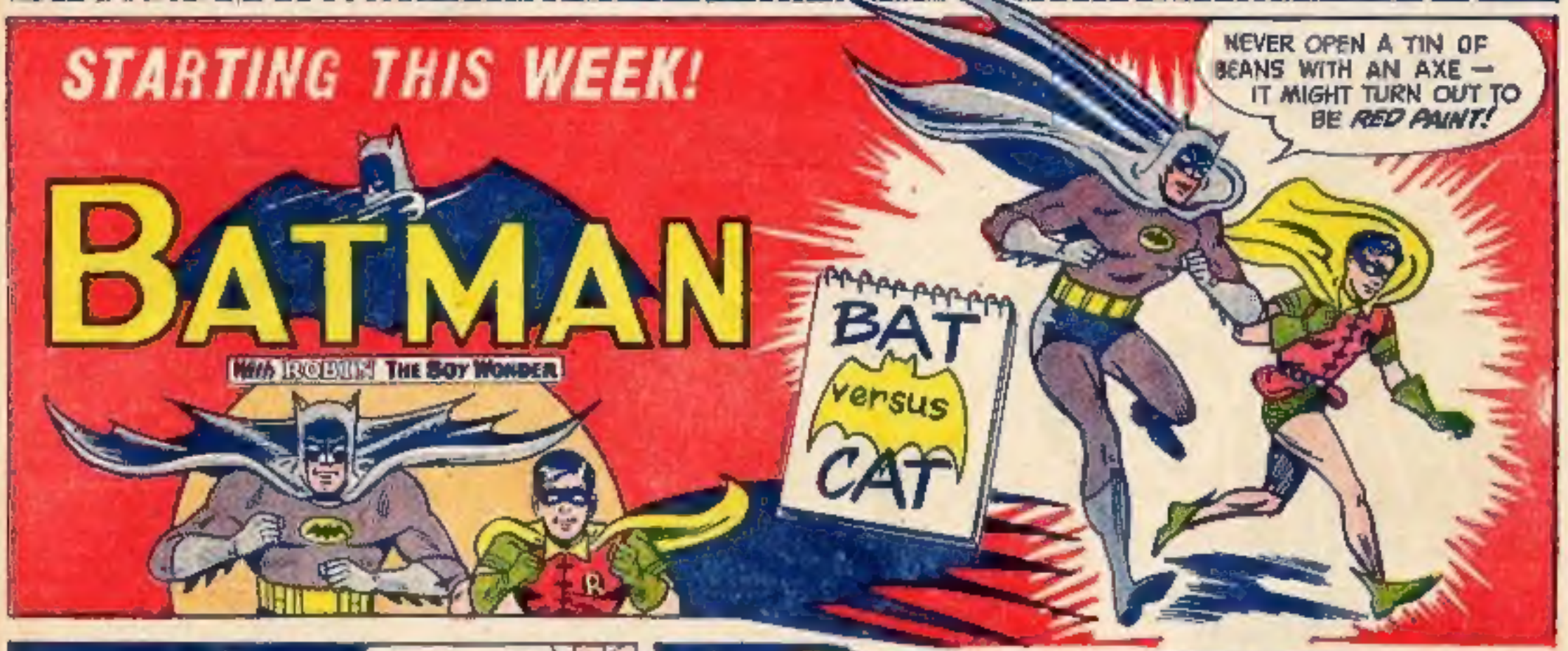
7d

No. 20
18th JUNE 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

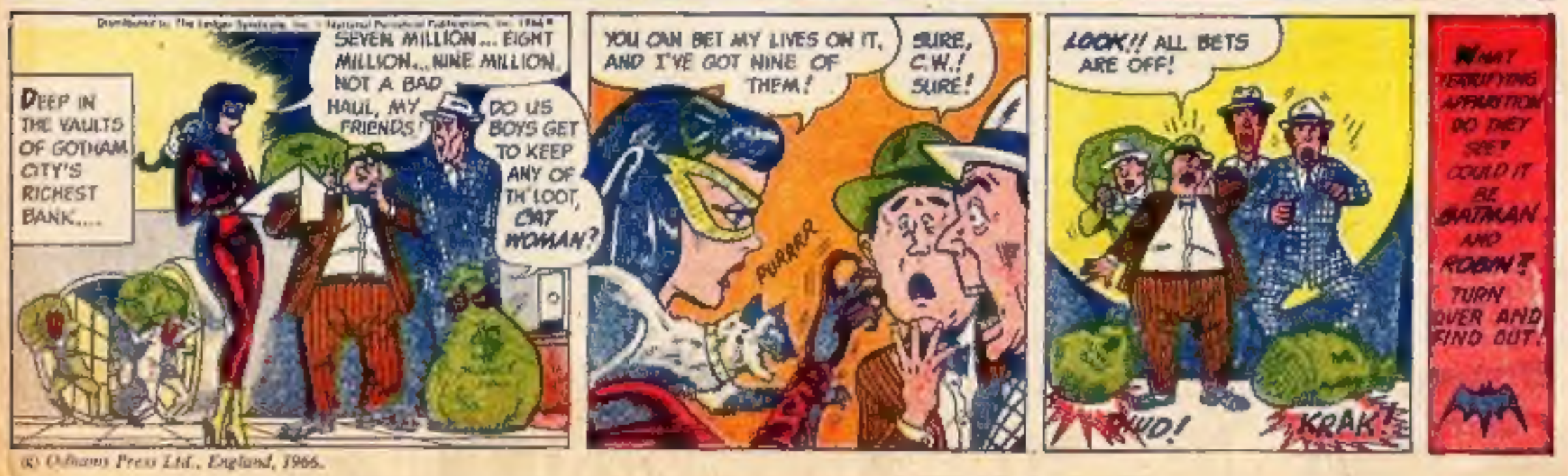
STARTING THIS WEEK!

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder



GOTHAM CITY, 3 A.M.. AN INCREDIBLE VEHICLE SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE SLEEPING TOWN...
BATMOBILE JUST PASSING POINT "X" COMMISSIONER!
AND IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...
VAROOOM!
TELL YOUR MEN TO STAY WELL OUT OF THE TARGET AREA, CHIEF O'HARA! BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE GOING IN!!
YESSIR, COMMISSIONER, SIR!
BATMAN! DO YOU THINK SHE'LL ESCAPE AGAIN?
CAT WOMAN IS A WILY WENCH, ROBIN, BUT THIS TIME WE'VE GOT HER!


DEEP IN THE VAULTS OF GOTHAM CITY'S RICHEST BANK....
SEVEN MILLION... EIGHT MILLION... NINE MILLION. NOT A BAD HAUL, MY FRIENDS!
DO US BOYS GET TO KEEP ANY OF TH' LOOT, CAT WOMAN?
YOU CAN BET MY LIVES ON IT, AND I'VE GOT NINE OF THEM!
SURE, C.W.! SURE!
PURRRR
LOOK!! ALL BETS ARE OFF!
WUD!
KRAK!
WHAT TERRIFYING APPARITION DO THEY SEE? COULD IT BE BATMAN AND ROBIN? TURN OVER AND FIND OUT!

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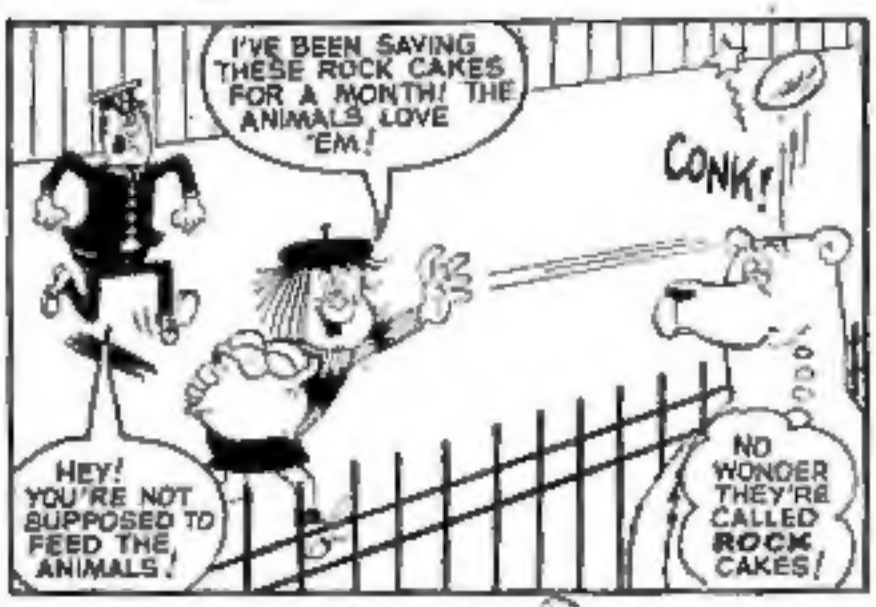
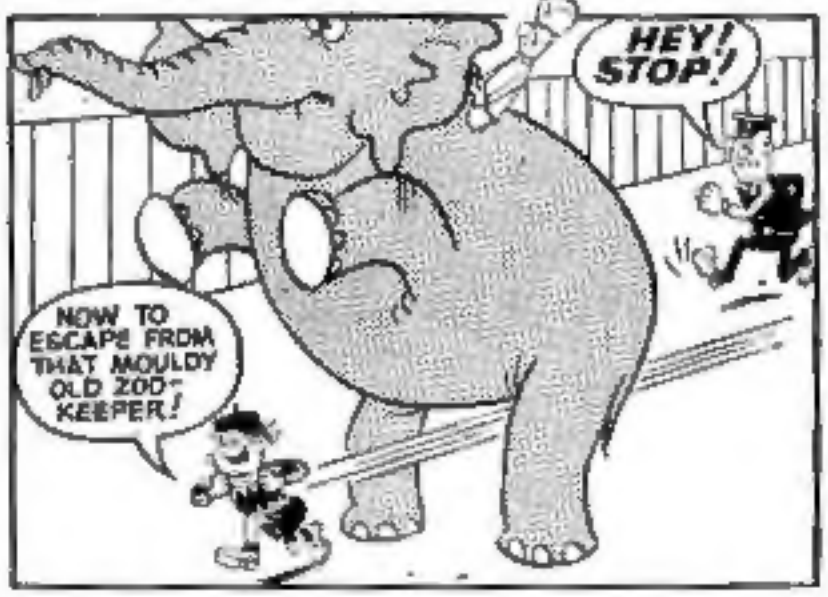
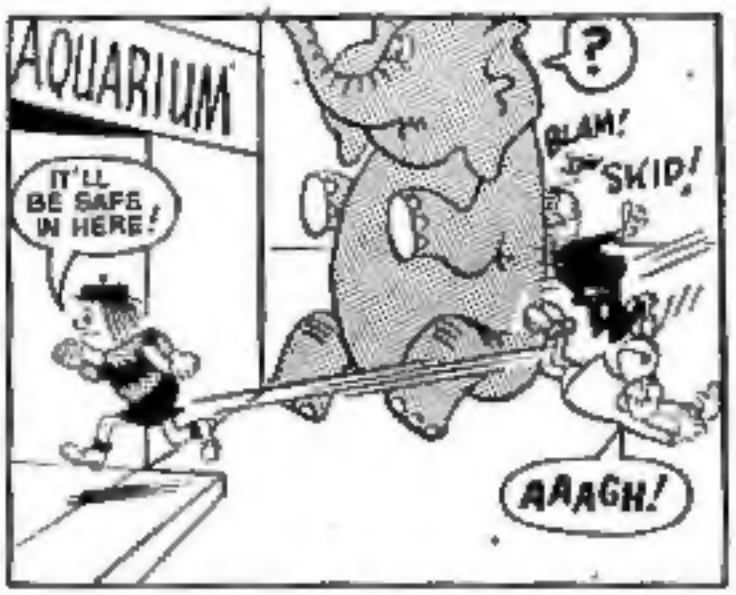
PARDON MY GLOVE!
SWEET DREAMS!
POW!
ZWACK!
THE TWO REMAINING THUGS RUSH ROBIN BUT HE SIDE-STEPS NEATLY.
THANKS FOR HELPING!
GRUNCH!
AND NOW, CAT WOMAN--!
REMEMBER YOUR REPUTATION FOR CHIVALRY, BATMAN! YOU WOULDN'T *DARE* STRIKE A LADY!
ROBIN AND I HAVE VOWED NEVER TO STRIKE A WOMAN, BUT IN *YOUR* CASE IT'S A DIFFICULT VOW TO KEEP!
YOU'RE A MEAN LADY, *CAT WOMAN!*
THIS TIME *YOU* WIN, DO-GOODERS!
BUT NO PRISON CAN HOLD *ME!*---*I'VE* GOT *FRIENDS!*
AND AT THIS MOMENT, UNSEEN BY *OUR* FRIENDS, ONE OF *CAT WOMAN'S* FRIENDS IS SLINKING OFF...
SSSSSS
DID YOU HEAR SOME THING?
PROBABLY ONLY A FAULTY STEAM-RADIATOR.
THAT I WILL, BOY WONDER--- WITH PLEASURE!
TIME TO GO, ROBIN!
SEE THAT *CAT WOMAN* GOES BACK TO PRISON, CHIEF!
CLICK!
WHOEVER THEY ARE BEHIND THEM MASKS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D DO *WITHOUT* THEM!
I COULD DO WITHOUT THEM PRACTICALLY *FOREVER!*
LUCKY THE UNDER-WORLD DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE IN REALITY *BRUCE WAYNE*, THE MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY!
---AND THAT *YOU'RE* ACTUALLY *DICK GRAYSON*, MY YOUNG WARD! FORTUNATE INDEED!
IN STATELY WAYNE MANOR...
DICK, I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WAS A *CAT* ON *CAT WOMAN'S* SHOULDER WHEN WE SURPRISED HER IN THAT BANK JOB...
THAT'S RIGHT, BRUCE! THEN IT WAS *GONE!*
SHE SPOKE OF A FRIEND WHO WOULD BREAK HER OUT OF JAIL!
HOLY HENCHMAN, BRUCE! HOW COULD A *CAT*---??
THIS *CAT TRAP* CAN'T HOLD *ME!* NOT WHILE I'VE GOT A FRIEND...
WHO IS CAT WOMAN'S FRIEND? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S *SMASH!*

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966


I'VE BEEN SAVING THESE ROCK CAKES FOR A MONTH! THE ANIMALS LOVE 'EM!
CONK!
HEY! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FEED THE ANIMALS!
NO WONDER THEY'RE CALLED ROCK CAKES!





MORE OVER THE PAGE —

THAT'S BETTER!

STEAM! SIZZLE!

PENGUINS' ICE BLOCK

IT'S FEEDING TIME, PENGUINS! HERE'S YOUR DINNER!

GLUB!

WHO THREW THOSE FISH?

I DID—AND NOW I'M GOING TO THROW YOU RIGHT OUTSIDE!

LET ME GO!

YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DON'T LET ME DOWN!

HEH! HEH! I'LL LET YOU DOWN—OUTSIDE THE ZOO!

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!

HEY! I SAVED SOME ROCK CAKES FOR YOU!

CLUNK!

OUCH!

JAB!

AAAGH!

ZZZ

HELP!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

I'LL TEACH HIM TO POKE ME IN THE REAR!

ZZZ!

LISTEN... WHISPER... WHISPER...

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, PENNY!

PUFF! PANT! I GOT AWAY FROM THAT MAD ELEPHANT!

OH, YEAH?!

AWK!

GRAB!

IT'S DROPPED ME IN THE MONKEY CAGE!

MONKEY CAGE

HEY! LOOK AT THAT BIG BABOON IN THE MONKEY CAGE!

SIMMONS—DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FEED THE ANIMALS?

GROAN!

MUNCH!

M'MM! PICKLED KEEPER'S HAT! LOVELY!

SLURP!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK in "THE MONSTER AND THE MACHINE!"

ON A SILENT, SECRET LABORATORY, A TENSE TEEN-AGER ADJUSTS A COMPLEX RAY-MACHINE OVER THE HEAD OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE LIVING CREATURE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! AND, AS HE DOES SO, RICK JONES MUTTERS TO HIMSELF...

I'VE NEVER OPERATED THIS MACHINE BEFORE! ONE MISTAKE, AND IT CAN MEAN DEATH FOR THE HULK--AND MAYBE FOR ME, TOO! BUT I'VE *GOT* TO TRY IT! NO MATTER WHAT--I'VE *GOT* TO DO IT!

IF THIS WORKS, THE HULK MAY CHANGE BACK TO DOCTOR BRUCE BANNER AGAIN! AND IF IT *DOESN'T* WORK...

...THEN IT WILL BE THE *END*... FOR US *ALL*! THE RAYS HAVE REACHED CRITICAL MASS! I'VE GOT TO PULL THE LEVER...*NOW!*

BUT HOW DID IT ALL START?? LET US GO BACK--BACK INTO TIME... TO THE OFFICE OF GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS...

ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL! GENERAL ROSS SPEAKING! FIND RICK JONES! TOP PRIORITY! OVER AND OUT!

AND EVEN AS THE ORDER IS BARKED OUT, RICK JONES SPEAKS TO THE SILENT, UNMOVING HULK...

WE CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY MUCH LONGER! I'VE *GOT* TO FIND A WAY TO CHANGE YOU BACK TO DR. BRUCE BANNER, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, FOR *BOTH* OF US!

NO *WONDER* NO ONE HAS SUSPECTED THE TRUTH YET! EVEN THOUGH I *KNOW* IT, IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE YOU YOURSELF *ARE* DR. BANNER, CHANGED INTO A MONSTER BY A STRANGE MIRACLE, AND SUBJECT ONLY TO *MY* COMMANDS!

ON THE DOUBLE, MEN! SURROUND THE HOUSE! RICK JONES MAY BE INSIDE! THE GENERAL WANTS HIM--ALIVE!

TROOPS! THEY'VE FOUND ME! BUT THEY MUSTN'T FIND THE HULK!

THEN, AT A SUDDEN COMMAND FROM HIS YOUNG MASTER, THE MIGHTIEST LIVING THING ON EARTH MAKES A FANTASTIC LEAP, POWERED BY MUSCLES SO POWERFUL, THAT HE SEEMS TO BE FLYING!..

GO, HULK--GO! UP, UP, UP!

SECONDS LATER...

STRANGE -- I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW SOME SORT OF FIGURE GO FLYING BY! BETTER NOT MENTION IT TO ANYONE, THEY'LL THINK I'VE FLIPPED!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS WILL EXPLAIN! COME WITH US!

AND THEN, AT THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS...

NOW HEAR THIS, JONES! DR. BANNER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR DAYS, AND WE SUSPECT THAT HIS DISAPPEARANCE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOU! IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON, I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST!

HE WAS ASSIGNED TO MY COMMAND, AND I'VE GOT COMPLETE AUTHORITY IN THIS MATTER!

RICK, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BRUCE, YOU'VE GOT TO TELL US! HE MAY BE IN TROUBLE! PERHAPS WE CAN HELP HIM! I'VE GOT TO KNOW! I'VE GOT TO!

I'M SORRY, MISS ROSS! I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING!

HOW CAN I TELL THEM THAT BRUCE BANNER IS REALLY THE HULK!? AND YET, IF I DON'T PRODUCE DOCTOR BANNER SOON, I'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE! THEY MAY EVEN ACCUSE ME OF--MURDERING HIM!

MEANWHILE, PROPELLED BY HIS PRODIGIOUS LEAP, THE ONE LIVING CREATURE WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF BRUCE BANNER ZOOMS THROUGH THE AIR, NOW TOO FAR FROM RICK JONES TO RECEIVE ANY FURTHER MENTAL COMMANDS...

AND THEN, AS HIS LEAP BEGINS TO LOSE MOMENTUM, HIS COLD, BRUTISH EYES SEE A FOREBODING SIGHT...

THE MOTOR'S STALLED! CAN'T MOVE THE BUS! AND--THE EXPRESS IS BEARING DOWN-- TOO FAST FOR ME TO GET THE KIDS OFF!

SOMEWHERE, DEEP WITHIN THE MONSTER'S BRAIN, A TINY SPARK OF BRUCE BANNER COMES TO LIFE! AND THEN, WITHOUT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, MOVING LIKE A GIGANTIC, LIVING BATTERING RAM, THE HULK TAKES OVER, PERFORMING A FEAT WHICH NO OTHER LIVING HUMAN COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED!

THE AMAZING INCIDENT OCCUPIED THE HEADLINES DURING THE NEXT 24 HOURS, BUT AFTER THAT, IT WAS SOON SWEPT AWAY BY THE RUSH OF OTHER EVENTS...

ENQUIRER GAZETTE

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT AVERTS SCHOOL BUS TRAGEDY! (STORY CONT'D)

WAS IT SOMETHING HUMAN? CHILDREN'S DESCRIPTION PRONOUNCED AS HYSTERIA BY AUTHORITIES!

EXTRA

LATER, ON A MOVIE SET, NOT FAR AWAY...

NO! NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT HAMMING IT UP ENOUGH! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MONSTER MOVIE! YOU'VE GOT TO LOOK SCARED!

DIRECTOR

NOW LET'S TRY IT AGAIN!

OKAY, MIKE! ROLL 'EM! NOW LET'S HEAR YOU REALLY SCREAM, KID!

EEEK!

THAT'S IT, BABY! YOU'RE DOIN' FINE! KEEP IT UP! I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD ACT SO GOOD!

HELP! HELP!

JEEPERS! SHE WASN'T ACTING! LET ME OUT OF HERE! RUN FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE STUDIO FOOD BAR, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

STOP SHOVIN' BACK THERE! I WAS FIRST IN LINE!

C'MON, KEEP THE LINE MOVIN'! WHO'S NEXT?

FOOD!

URK!

I'M THROUGH WITH SHOW BUSINESS! IT'S BACK TO THE HASH HOUSE FOR ME!

BUT THEN, AFTER THE PANIC SUBSIDES...

SURROUND HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! WE CAN MAKE THE GREATEST MONSTER MOVIE OF ALL TIME WITH THAT THING!

S-SOMETHIN' TELLS ME HE'S NOT GOING TO AGREE TO THE IDEA!

SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE MIGHTY HULK BRINGS HIS ENORMOUS HANDS TOGETHER IN A MIND-STAGGERING THUNDERCLAP!

WHOOMPH!

LOUDER THAN A JET PLANE'S SONIC BOOM, THE AWESOME EXPLOSION STUNS THE STARTLED MEN INTO HELPLESSNESS AS THE MOST POWERFUL PAIR OF LEGS ON EARTH AGAIN CATAPULT THE HULK INTO THE SKY...

ON AND ON HIS PRODIGIOUS LEAP CARRIES HIM, INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE METROPOLIS, WHEN A FAINT, FAR-AWAY THOUGHT REACHES HIS CLOUDED BRAIN...

HULK! HULK! I NEED YOU! THIS IS RICK! COME TO ME, HULK! FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF MY THOUGHT!

AND, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, AS RICK IS BEING TAKEN TO AN ARMY PRISON, UNDER GUARD...

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE BY NOW!

HEY, CHARLIE, WHAT'S THAT IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR?

WHERE? I DON'T SEE ANY... WAIT! NOW I SEE IT!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

IT WAS THE HULK! HE GOT THE BOY!

THE MIGHTY HULK SOARS THROUGH THE AIR WITH HIS TEEN-AGE BURDEN UNTIL HE REACHES A FAMILIAR LOCATION...

THIS IS IT, HULK! DOWN -- PUT ME DOWN!

SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, THE CREATURE AND THE BOY ENTER A HIDDEN CAVE.

FOLLOW ME, HULK! IT'S JUST A LITTLE FURTHER!

MORE — AFTER THE NEXT 8 PAGES —

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

OH, BOY! IT'S ROBERT THE BRUCE ON THE TELLY! THE GEEZER WHO HAMMERED THE ENGLISH AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN!

HEY! WHY HAVE YOU LEAPT OUT OF THE TELLY, ROBERT?

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE ENGLISH BRUTES!

I'M NOT GOING BACK IN THAT TELLY! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE!

BUT IT SAYS HERE YOU *BEAT* THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS, ROBERT!

I DON'T TRUST YOU! YOU COULD BE WRONG, AND SO COULD THAT BOOK! I'M NOT GOING BACK IN THERE!

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

BYE, BYE! I'M OFF! I MUST HIDE-SMARTISH!

YAROOO!

STAB!

SUFFERING SPORRANS! I'VE STABBED THE WENCH WITH ME CLAYMORE!

YOU BIG DOLT! YOU'VE MADE A HOLE IN MY BEST SKIRT! I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE!

HELP! THANK GOODNESS THE ENGLISH DON'T SEND THEIR **WOMEN** OUT TO FIGHT! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE!

PSST! IS IT SAFE TO COME IN, CHARLIE?

HELP! IT'S ROBBIE! YES! MUM'S GONE! COME ON IN!

AHAH! SO HE'S SNEAKING BACK IN, IS HE? I'LL SOON FIX THAT!

HELP! HELP! HELP!

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU! DON'T LET ME SEE YOU NEAR MY HOUSE AGAIN!

SPLOOSH!

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A KING!

OH, NO! HE'S BACK! HE WON'T LISTEN TO MUM! HE'S A STUBBORN OLD SCOT!

I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A BATH, LADDIE! CANNA HAVE A KING LOOKING LIKE A TRAMP!

QUICK, NIP IN! I'LL KEEP GUARD- AND BE QUIET!

COO! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

A HORRIBLE HAIRY SPIDER - HELP! HELP!

BATH

HELP! HELP! IT'S HORRIBLE! A BIG HAIRY SPIDER!

HUH! I DIDN'T EXPECT A KING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF A SPIDER!

I'D RATHER FACE A THOUSAND ENGLISHMEN THAN ONE HAIRY SPIDER! MOVE OVER! I'M COMING IN!

NOW WE KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT ROBERT THE BRUCE AND THE SPIDER! JUST LOOK AT HIM NOW - SENDING THE ENGLISH PACKING AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN!

LUCKY FOR US YOU BUILT THIS HIDDEN LAB WHILE YOU WERE STILL BRUCE BANNER! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO CLEAR MYSELF NOW--AND TO BRING YOU BACK TO NORMAL, TOO!

WELL, THERE IT IS! THE MACHINE YOU BUILT TO BOMBARD YOU WITH GAMMA RAYS! THE ONLY PROBLEM IS--AM I SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT HOW IT STARTS!

I CAN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HALF OF THE JAZZ YOU WROTE IN THIS INSTRUCTION MANUAL! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME! IF I MAKE A MISTAKE, *ANYTHING* CAN HAPPEN!

HULK, TRY TO THINK! SOMEWHERE IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS A SPARK OF BRUCE BANNER MUST STILL BE LISTENING! TELL ME, HULK--SHOULD I TAKE THE CHANCE? SHOULD I TRY? YOU'VE *GOT* TO TELL ME!

...*TRY*... RICK!

AND SO WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT, AND THE MOST DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT EVER ATTEMPTED BY A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY!

IF I GIVE HIM *TOO MUCH* JUICE, WE'LL *BOTH* BE BLITZED! AND IF I DON'T GIVE HIM *ENOUGH*, ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN! BUT I'VE *GOT* TO DO IT!

THE RAYS HAVE REACHED CRITICAL MASS! I'VE GOT TO PULL THE LEVER *NOW!*

THIS IS *IT!*

IT'S *WORKING!*

HE'S BRUCE BANNER AGAIN! GOT TO STOP THE RAYS NOW!

BUT RICK JONES' UNSKILLED HANDS FUMBLE FOR AN INSTANT OVER THE DELICATE CONTROLS, AND BY THE TIME THE GAMMA RAYS ARE FINALLY EXTINGUISHED...

I WAS TOO SLOW! HE GOT TOO BIG A DOSE OF THE RAYS! DOC! DOC--SAY SOMETHING!

SUFFERIN' SNAKES! WHAT DO I DO *NOW*??

HE'S STILL BREATHIN'! HE'S MOVIN'! HERE, DOC, TAKE A SWIG OF THIS TONIC!

WEAK--HARD TO MOVE--WHAT HAPPENED--?

MINUTES LATER...

HOUR AGO YOU WERE THE STRONGEST GUY ON EARTH! AND NOW, I HAVE TO PUSH YOU AROUND IN THIS WHEELCHAIR! ALL BECAUSE I GOOFED ON THAT RAY GIZMO!

THIS IS NUTTY! AN

NOT YOUR FAULT, RICK! YOU'RE NOT A SCIENTIST! I'M LUCKY TO BE MYSELF AGAIN--NO MATTER WHAT!

BUT I CAN'T REMAIN HELPLESS THIS WAY! THERE'S TOO MUCH TO BE DONE! IF ONLY--IF ONLY I COULD HAVE THE HULK'S STRENGTH--AND MY OWN BRAIN! *RICK!* WHEEL ME TO THE RAY MACHINE--HURRY!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, DOC?

IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED BUT BY MAKING SOME DELICATE ADJUSTMENTS, AND SETTING THE DIALS MYSELF, I MAY BE ABLE TO RE-GAIN THE HULK'S BODY--BUT WITH MY OWN INTELLIGENCE!

STAY BACK, RICK! I'M ACTIVATING THE MACHINE!

GOSH DOC! YOU JUGGLE THOSE DIALS LIKE A WHIZ! HEY, YOU'RE CHANGIN AGAIN!

IT WORKED! YOU'RE THE HULK AGAIN! BUT--DO YOU HAVE BRUCE BANNER'S BRAIN?

HE'S GETTIN' UP! AND I DIDN'T WILL HIM TO! I-I'VE LOST CONTROL OVER HIM!

WHAT IF HE'S AS DANGEROUS AS BEFORE? IF I CAN'T CONTROL HIM, I'LL BE A GONER!

STAY BACK, HULK! STOP!

IT'S NO USE! HE'S OUT OF MY CONTROL! I'M COOKED!

RICK!

RICK, YOU WONDERFUL, LOYAL, EMPTY HEADED KID! I DID IT! THE RAY WORKS! I HAVE THE HULK'S BODY--THE HULK'S STRENGTH--BUT I CAN STILL THINK LIKE BRUCE BANNER!

MAN! THAT'S THE COOL-EST!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, RICK?? DO YOU REALIZE WHAT I CAN ACCOMPLISH?? WITH MY BRAIN, AND THE HULK'S STRENGTH, I CAN DO ANYTHING!

ANYTHING! HA, HA, HA!

I'VE ARRANGED THE CONTROLS SO THAT I CAN WORK THEM MYSELF! I CAN CHANGE BACK TO BRUCE BANNER ANY TIME I WANT TO!

I'M WORRIED! HE SEEMS TO HAVE DR. BANNER'S BRAIN, BUT HE SOUNDS FIERCER--CRUELER! HE STILL SEEMS--DANGEROUS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, RICK FOLLOWS THE HULK AS THE MIGHTY HUMAN MONSTER PROWLS THE COUNTRYSIDE, REVELLING IN HIS MATCHLESS POWER.

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW IT FEELS, KID? I FEAR NOBODY--NOTHING! I'M EXPLODING WITH ENERGY! I CAN'T GET TIRED! LOOK! OVER THERE!

THAT CABIN'S ON FIRE! GOSH! THERE'S A FAMILY TRAPPED INSIDE!

DON'T CRY, BOBBY! WE'LL GET OUT--SOMEHOW!

THE SMOKE! IT'S BLINDING ME! CAN'T SEE! CAN'T BREATHE!

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE INCREDIBLE HULK GRASPS THE SECTION OF THE CABIN WHICH IS IN FLAME AND GIVES IT ONE MIGHTY TUG...

STAND BACK, KID!

THERE! THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTIN' OUT A FIRE!

THERE, THERE, CHILDREN - DON'T CRY! THE FIRE IS OUT! WE'RE ALL SAFE NOW!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT HAPPENED SO FAST! THE WALL - IT JUST VANISHED!

I DIDN'T VANISH, SONNY

I GOT R'D OF IT FOR YOU!

GOOD HEAVENS!

EEEK!

HELP!

HEARING THE CRIES, A LOCAL DEPUTY RACES ONTO THE SCENE, TO FIND ..

I- I SAW A MASS OF FLAMING DEBRIS FLY IN THE AIR AND THEN - OH, LOOK!

I'LL BE BLAMED! IT'S THAT MONSTER THEY'VE BEEN BROADCASTIN' AN ALARM ON RADIO ABOUT! I'LL GIT 'M!

THE BRAINLESS IDIOTS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!

SAVE A MAN'S FAMILY AND THEY SHOOT AT YA! COME ON, RICK-- WE'RE TAKIN OFF!

BAM!

BLAM!

BAM!

THAT'S RIGHT! SEND OUT AN ALL POINTS ALARM! THE HULK IS IN THE AREA SOMEPLACE! NO ONE WILL BE SAFE UNTIL HE'S FOUND AND DESTROYED! HE - HE'S EVEN MORE TERRIFYING THAN I HEARD HE WAS!

WE BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE HIDDEN LAB, HULK!

WHERE DO YA THINK I'M GOIN? I'M SICK OF BEIN' SHOT AT AND HOUNDED!

HERE, I RIGGED UP THIS GADGET SO ALL I DO IS STEP ON THESE BUTTONS TO ACTIVATE THE GAMMA RAY!

THEY CAN LOOK FOR THE HULK FROM NOW TILL DOOMSDAY, BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE AWESOME RAYS WEAVE THEIR MAGIC ON THE BEING WHO STANDS BEFORE THEM..

BOY DOC IT'S A RELIEF TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN--AS YOU! THAT HULK WAS BEGINNIN' TO EVEN SCARE ME!

CAN'T TALK, RICK-- TIRED - VERY TIRED..

HAVE TO REST-- THE GAMMA RAYS--CAN'T KEEP CHANGING TOO OFTEN-- NOT TOO QUICKLY-- RAYS ARE TOO STRONG! MUST REST NOW - TIRED -TIRED-

SURE DOC... GO AHEAD! GRAB YOURSELF SOME SHUT-EYE!

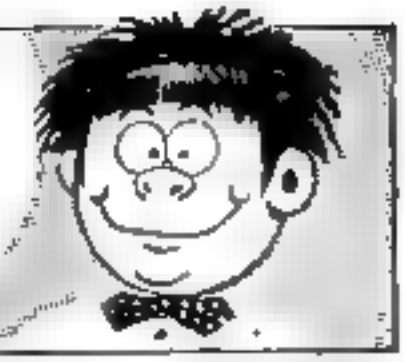
EVEN THOUGH THE HULK NOW HAS MY BRAIN, HE IS STILL A RAGING GOLIATH! STILL HARD TO CONTROL! I PRAY HE NEVER TURNS ON ME--OR ON MANKIND-- BUT MUSTN'T TELL RICK--MUSTN'T WORRY THE BOY - SO MUCH TO THINK ABOUT--SO MUCH TO DO..

GO ON AND SLEEP, DOC-- YOU'VE EARNED IT! I KNOW YOU'RE WORRIED! I KNOW THE HULK IS STILL A PROBLEM! BUT I'LL SEE IT THROUGH WITH YOU TILL THE END! I SWEAR IT, DOC-- NO MATTER WHAT!

CLICK

WILL DR BANNER RETAIN CONTROL OVER THE HULK? WILL THE HULK BE TRACKED DOWN? WILL YOU MISS NEXT WEEK'S LONG HULK ADVENTURE? NOT IF YOU'VE HALF THE SENSE WE THINK YOU HAVE, YOU WON'T!

RONNIE RICH



COO! THAT'S A FABULOUS MODEL PLANE, RONNIE!
YEAH! IT'S A BEAUTY, EH?

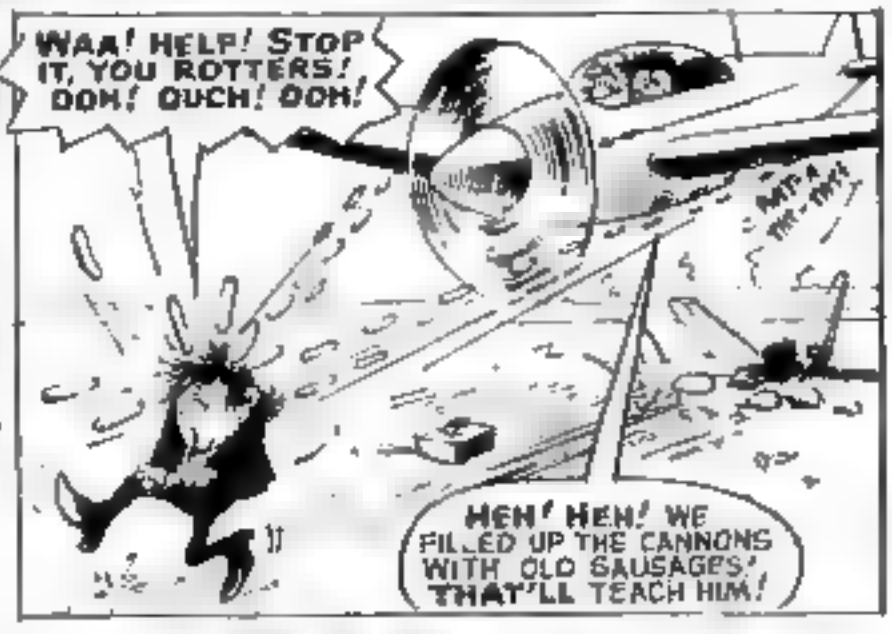
AAGH! WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY ROTTEN EGGS!
SPLAT!
SPLOSH!

HO! HO! YOU LITTLE TWERPS FELL FOR IT!
GRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, BILLY BATES!

LATER...
WILL YOU GIVE ME A RIDE FOR £100, NR KITE?
RIGHTO, OLD BOY! TALLY-HO! PIP-PIP! LET'S BE OFF!

AND SO.
COO! THAT PLANE'S FLYING LOW! WHAT'S HIS GAME?

HO! HO! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, BILLY BATES?
AAGH! HELP! IT'S RONNIE RICH!

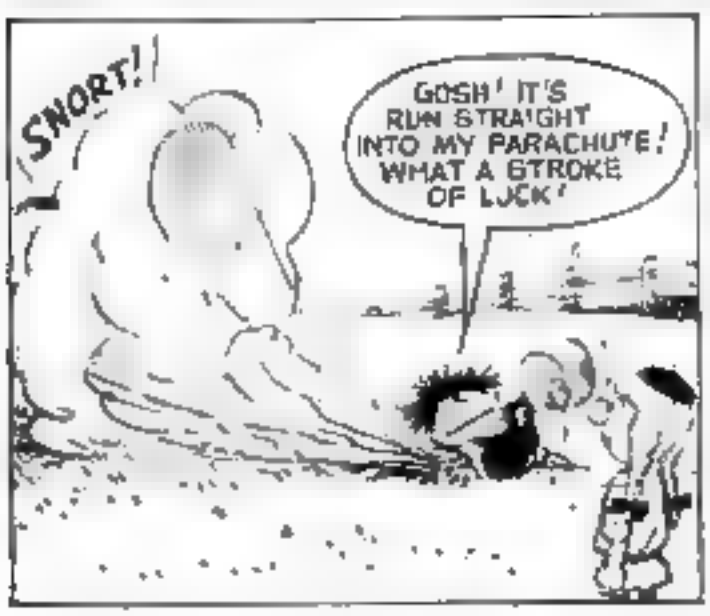

WAA! HELP! STOP IT, YOU ROTTERS! OOH! OUCH! OOH!
AND A TRY-TRY!
HEH! HEH! WE FILLED UP THE CANNONS WITH OLD SAUSAGES! THAT'LL TEACH HIM!

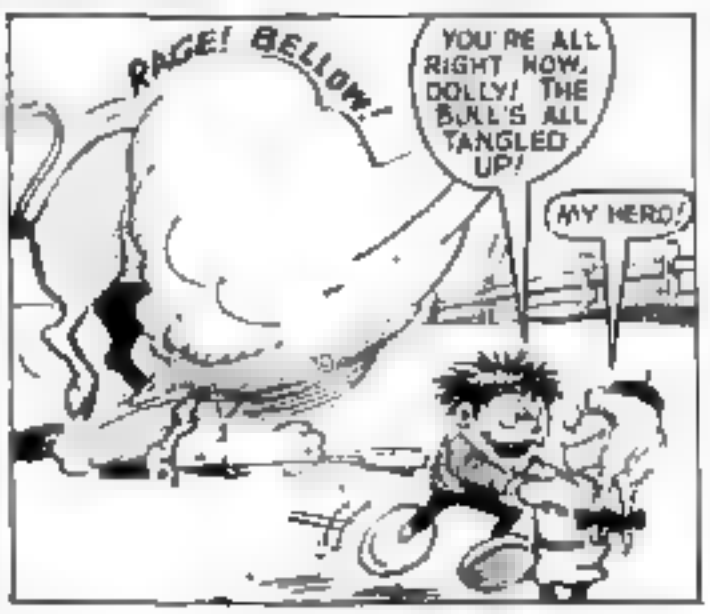
RIGHT, PILOT! BACK TO BASE! I'M BROKE NOW—SO I CAN GO AND COLLECT THAT MILLION POUNDS FROM MY GRAN'S WILL!
ROGER, OLD BOY!

PUTT! PUTT! PHUT!
HELP! WE'RE OUT OF PETROL! I FORGOT TO FILL HER UP!

I'M GETTING OUT! I'M NOT STAYING IN THAT THING!

HELP! DADDY! MUMMY! HELP!
OH, GOLLY! LOOK AT THAT! WHAT CAN I DO?


SNORT!
GOSH! IT'S RUN STRAIGHT INTO MY PARACHUTE! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!


RAGE! BELLOW!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, DOLLY! THE BULL'S ALL TANGLED UP!
MY HERO!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO REPAY YOU, SON—A £100 ISN'T MUCH, BUT TAKE IT!
OH, NO! I'VE DONE IT AGAIN! I'M NOT BROKE ANY MORE!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

POTTY POSERS!

Why did the coal scuttle?

Because it saw the kitchen sink

• • • • • •

Why is the sea so restless?

Because it has rocks in its bed

What is the first thing a postman gets when he gets to work?

The sack

Ever heard of a horse with six legs?

No? Well what about the two back legs and the fore legs?

How can you make a jacket last?

Make the trousers first

Why is a match tough?

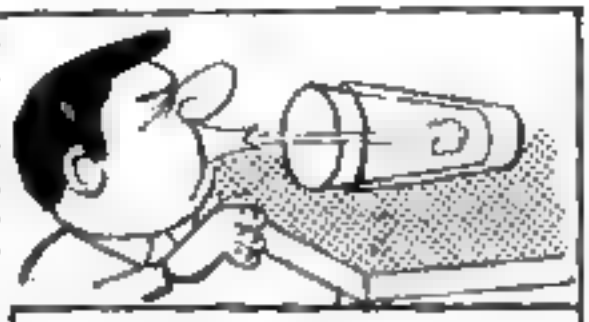
Because it never throws a fit

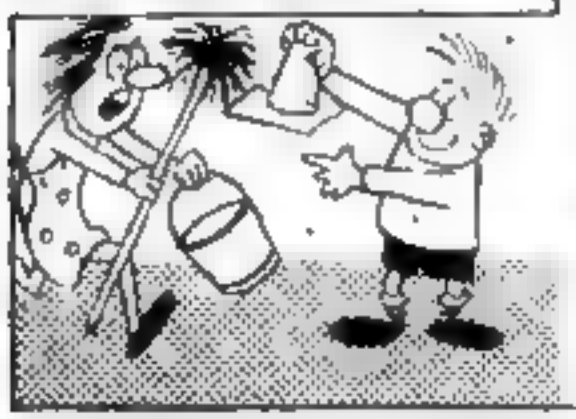
• • • • • •

GOT any empty glasses handy. Good—you'll need them for this week's trickery.

You'll need a couple of them for the first giggle—one placed firmly inside the other. Now, how can you get the two glasses apart WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM?

Try it on your mates—all they'll do is scratch their heads in bewilderment. But the trick is so easy . . . YOU SIMPLY BLOW INTO THE GAP BETWEEN THE GLASSES UNTIL THEY PART! *PHEW!*





Water Wangle

For my next trick, fill a glass full of water. Hold it high in the air and tell everyone that, with the aid of a fairly stiff sheet of writing paper, you are going to turn it upside down WITHOUT SPILLING A DROP!

Place the paper over the glass—then, still holding the paper in place, quickly turn the glass upside down.

If your audience hasn't scattered before they will when YOU ACTUALLY TAKE YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THE PAPER!

But believe it or not, the paper will stay in place over the upturned glass, allowing no water to escape

Drink on the Brink

So far, all Mum's glasses should have survived intact. And this trick spells no more risk than the others, although it may LOOK that way!

Half fill a wine glass with water and tell everyone that you are going to balance it on the edge of a playing card.

You'll do this quite easily, by using ANOTHER card as a back stop! My drawing shows how this is done, and no-one will spot the trick if you practise a bit before you try it out. But please don't use Dad's good pack of playing cards or I can't be responsible for the result!

You may have seen this trick before, but while you've got the glasses out here's a quick giggle. Fill a glass with water then TOMPH IT! Cover it with a handkerchief and tell everyone you are going to drink the water without touching the hankie.

Now you just stand there. When your audience gets impatient, tell them to look at the glass. There, as soon as someone lifts the handkerchief to look, you drink the water.

Get ready to run when you explain that YOU didn't touch the handkerchief!

WHAT IS IT?

I HAD TO LOOK TWICE AT THIS DRAWING FROM STUART McFARLANE OF CHELMSFORD, 'COS WHEN I LOOKED AT IT FROM ONE SIDE IT WAS A RABBIT AND FROM THE OTHER SIDE IT WAS A DUCK!

EGG-HEADS

Had eggs for breakfast lately? Here's how you can get a lot of fun with the empty shells. All you have to do is put a collar of paper round the opened end and paint funny faces on the shell. You can improve your 'egg-head' by sticking cotton-wool on the shells for hair. They'll look great as decorations on your shelf.

IT'S not often you get what you ask for these days—and when we asked you to write to us, we didn't expect to finish up with a bigger fan mail than the Beatles. But—phew!—that's what we got.

And it just goes to prove what a smashing lot of readers we've got, too.

So now it's up to US to give you what you've asked for—and, by golly, you're going to get it because we don't want to lose ONE of you!

Anyway, let's dip into your letters . . . first one coming up . . .

Be a SMASHER—

* write to SMASH!

SMASH!
96, LONG ACRE,
LONDON,
W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

What's the longest day in the week?

It's the day before SMASH-day!

Pauline Barratt,
Hull, Yorks.

Dear Smash,

Is the HULK a good or a bad person? I think he's terrific whatever he is!

Peter Brown,
Minehead, Somerset.

We agree the HULK is terrific, Peter. But whether he's good or bad, you'll have to see for yourself as the HULK stories go on. Don't forget that he IS possessed of monster powers. People are scared of him—and people do cruel things to creatures they are frightened of.

Thus, the hatred of others could kill any spark of kindness and humanity that is left in his monster's heart.

Dear Smash,

Please could you tell me what B U N G L E. stands for?

Ian Raggett
Burnham-on-Sea, Essex.

Sure, Ian. It's the Bureau for Unnerving Nasty Gangs and Lawless Enemies.

You didn't ask what T H E T stands for so we'll tell you. Get ready to shudder—it's The Workers In Terror.

Dear Alf and Cos,

What have you two done with The Queen of the Seas? She wasn't on last week's SMASH or the week before!

Did Bert and Enoch sink her after eating that whacking great whalebone?

Please send out an S O S because everyone in our class thinks Queenie is the funniest thing on SMASH.

Frank Crook
Ernest Baxter
William Frew,
Reading, Berks.

Queenie's back, mates. But you'll have to wade through the next dozen or so pages before you come to the 'funniest thing in SMASH'. Talking about funny things, though, we actually met a reader the other day who DIDN'T LIKE QUEEN OF THE SEAS! Then we discovered he'd never actually READ it! Well, we stood over him with a loaded shotgun—until he'd read every word, full stop and comma. We still don't know if he liked it or not—he COULDN'T TALK FOR LAUGHING!

THE MAN FROM B U N G L E.

SORRY, READERS, WE PAID THE RANSOM MONEY BUT THOSE ROTTEN CROOKS HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED US—THEY HAVE NOT RELEASED HIM. BUT WE'LL TRACK 'EM DOWN AND GET HIM BACK FOR YOU—THAT'S A PROMISE!

YOUR OWN DESERT ISLAND

Take a saucer and fill it with a small amount of water. Cut the top from a carrot and place in the saucer. Keep the carrot-top well watered, and soon you will have a cluster of ferns on a desert island.

Percy's Pets

PERCY'S PETS ARE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL MOTH BALL!

THE MOTHS ALWAYS USE GRANDAD'S HEAD FOR THEIR BALLROOM FLOOR – IT'S THE BEST SURFACE IN THE HOUSE!

AND THEY ALWAYS HAVE GRANDAD'S TIE FOR A SNACK.

GRR! ERR! MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!

GRR! I'LL PULVERIZE THESE LITTLE BEASTS!

OH, NO – MY MOTHS HAVE ANNOYED OLD GRANDAD AGAIN!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

QUICK, EAT UP THIS CURTAIN, LADS!

AYEEE! MUMBLE MUMBLE!

OH, NO – THEY'VE EATEN THROUGH MUM'S CURTAINS! WHAT'LL THEY DO NEXT

GRR! WHERE ARE THEY? THEY'RE REALLY FOR IT NOW!

CHARGE!

THEY'VE GOT PERCY'S PENCIL!

PRESS TO RELEASE

BULL'S-EYE!

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE NOW!

BONK!

AAGH!

GRR! NO MISTAKES THIS TIME – YOU'RE REALLY FOR IT!

HELP! HELP!

GOT TO HELP MY MATES!

TRIP!

PLOP!

CAUGHT HIM!

HELP! IT WON'T COME OFF – IT'S STUCK FAST!

OH DEAR!

OH BOY – THIS IS JUST LIKE THE PALLADIUM – NOW I CAN DO MY CABARET ACT!

BRAVO!

BRAVO!

WHAT DID THE FIRST CANNIBAL SAY TO THE SECOND CANNIBAL?

ENCORE!

I KNOW THAT ONE – HE SAID – FANCY EATING YOU HERE!

·ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER BELOW DEATH CASTLE — *AND ROLLO IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!* IF YOU THINK WE'RE EXAGGERATING — ***LOOK!***

COUNT CADAVO, THE EVIL MASTER OF DEATH CASTLE, URGES ON HIS TORTURER, LOVE.

WASTE NO MORE TIME ON HIM. ***KILL HIM!***

A FINAL EFFORT FROM ROLLO — THEN THERE IS A SOUND LIKE THE SNAPPING OF A ROTTED TREE-BRANCH...

A-A-A-A-H-H-H!!

.. AND LOVE STAGGERS BACK WITH HIS RIGHT ARM BROKEN AT THE SHOULDER!

ATTACHED TO LOVE'S RIGHT FIST IS THE FRONT OF THE 'IRON MAIDEN' WITH ITS MURDEROUS KNIVES ..

DESPERATELY, ROLLO SEIZES IT .. ***AND TWISTS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!***

ROLLO LEAPS FOR THE LEVER THAT CONTROLS THE SWINGING PENDULUM. .

WITNESS TO ALL THIS IS DANNY CHARTERS — HELPLESSLY STRAPPED TO A SWINGING PENDULUM THAT BRINGS HIS HEAD NEARER AND NEARER TO A CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL!

THE NEXT SWING — AND MY HEAD WILL DIP INTO THE OIL!

OUT OF MY WAY, CADAVO — AND THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN ACHING TO DO FOR A LONG TIME!

UGH!

AND THRUSTS IT BACK AS FAR AS IT WILL GO!

THANK HEAVEN— THAT DEVILISH CONTRAPTION HAS STOPPED!

YOU LEFT IT PRETTY LATE, ROLLO— BUT I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT IN TIME!

NOW—LET'S GET YOU AWAY FROM THIS THING!

ROLLO! CADAVO AND LOVE ARE ESCAPING!

ROLLO RACES UP THE STONE STEPS. BUT, AS HE REACHES THE TOP, THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE AND COUNT CADAVO'S MOCKING TONES COME FAINTLY THROUGH THE HEAVY TIMBER.

DON'T WASTE YOUR STRENGTH. IT WOULD TAKE A SMALL ARMY TO BREAK DOWN THIS DOOR!

THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER YOU WILL REMAIN THERE — AND I SHALL NOT VISIT YOU AGAIN UNTIL YOU ARE SO WEAK WITH HUNGER THAT YOU CANNOT STAND!

CADAVO SPEAKS THE TRUTH. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS DREADFUL PLACE AND THE HEARTLESS MONSTER HAS LEFT HIS OWN SERVANT IN HERE TO STARVE WITH US!

I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT HAPPY. HE'S STARTING TO RECOVER FROM THAT BLOW YOU GAVE HIM, ROLLO!

OUTSIDE, THE SHADES OF EVENING SILENTLY GATHER AROUND THE GAUNT GREY TOWERS OF DEATH CASTLE . .

THE DARKNESS THICKENS—AND THEN A PALE MOON RISES ABOVE THE UNMOVING FOREST. THUS DIES THE DAY AND NIGHT BEGINS.

AND INSIDE THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE CASTLE, AS THE DAY ENDS, A FANTASTIC, FRIGHTENING CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN CADAVO'S SERVANT

HIS HAIR GROWS COARSE—TEETH LENGTHEN, FINGER NAILS TURN INTO CLAWS... UNTIL, IN MERE MINUTES, HE BECOMES THAT MOST TERRIBLE OF CREATURES.

. . A WERE-WOLF!

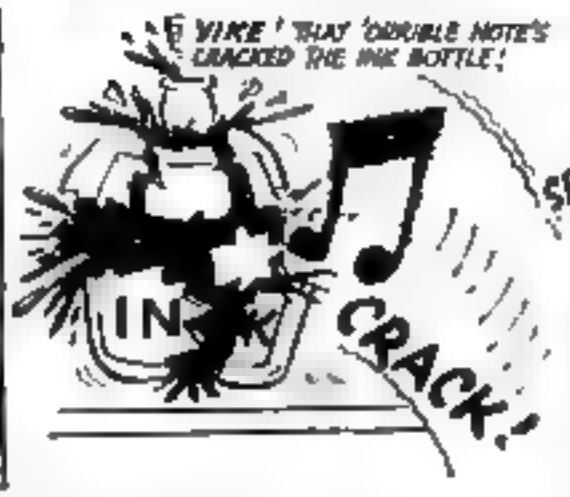
WITH A SHRIEKING CRY THAT IS NEITHER ANIMAL NOR HUMAN— IT SPRINGS!

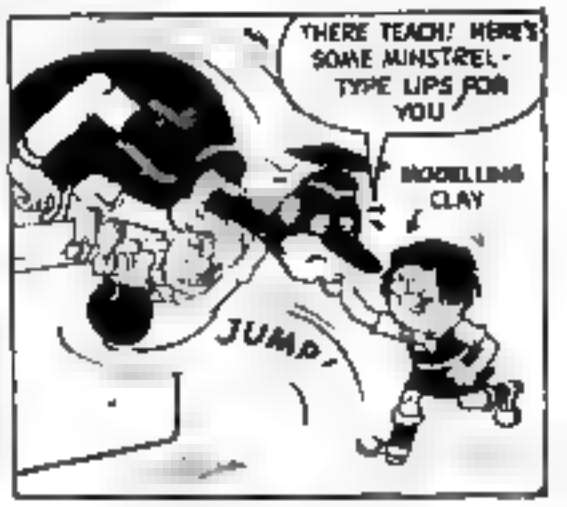
AAAAAAAOOOOOOOWWW!

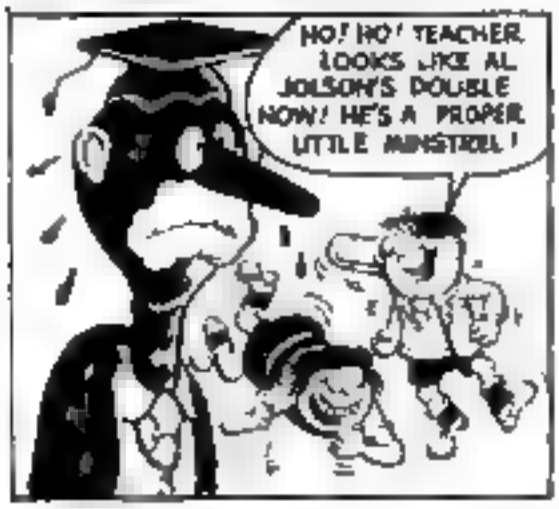
ROLLO AND DANNY CAME BACK FROM THE FORTIETH CENTURY IN SEARCH OF A WERE-WOLF — AND THEY'VE CERTAINLY FOUND ONE! IF YOU'VE STAYED WITH THIS STORY SO FAR, YOU'D BE OUT OF YOUR MIND TO MISS THE FINAL INSTALMENT IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

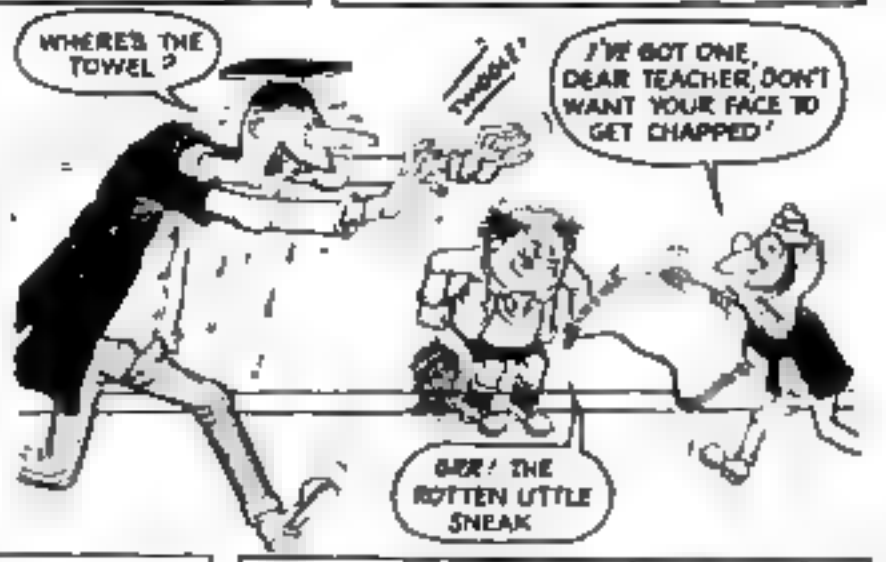
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

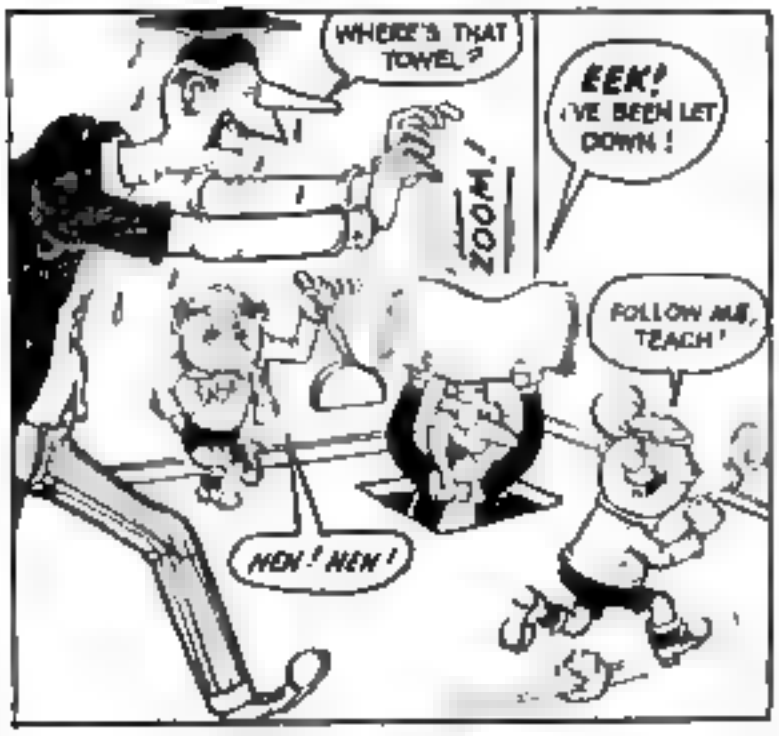
CRINGE!
SWEET SOUND
WE WILL FIGHT FULL BRAVELY TILL WE DIE, IN HONOUR OF THE OLD SCOOL TIE ♫ WE'LL LIVE OUR LIFE UNTO THE RULE, HUZZRAH FOR OUR OLD SLAG-SIDE SCHOOL!
HORRIBLE NOISE
HUZZRAH FOR THE OLD SCHOOL TIE SNIGGER!
ERK!











AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR – (SNIGGER)
MUST GET THE SCHOOL FLAG UP AGAIN – IT'S BEEN TO THE LAUNDRY!
SLAG-SIDE SCHOOL
IT'S THE HEADMASTER!

GOOD! I'VE FOUND THE TOWEL

AAAGH! THE SCHOOL FLAG!

GULP!

LOOK AT IT NOW! IT'S FILTHY!

SLAG SIDE

SCHOOL

YOU'RE WORSE THAN THE BLOTS TAKE THAT!

THWACK!

OUCH! OUCH!

GRRR! THOSE BLOTS WILL PAY FOR THAT!

TINGLE

BLOTS COME HERE!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CDQ TEACH SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOUTED SO HARD - HE'S CRACKED ALL THE INK BOTTLES!

GROO!

GLUG!

GOODY! THE SWOTS ARE SINGING BEAUTIFULLY AND I'VE GOT THE BLOTS TO HAVE THEIR FIRST BATH IN YEARS!

TRA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

SWEET REFRAIN!

GULP!

STOP THAT HORRIBLE SINGING! WE CAN'T EVEN HAVE A *BATH* IN PEACE!

AARGH! IF THE BLOTS SING, THIS BUBBLE'S A GONNER!

SOME HORRIBLE SWOT'S PUT HIS CLOCKWORK CROC IN TO THE BATH! AAGH! OUCH!

GET OUT YOU FAT NIT YOU SAT ON MY TOE!

BITE!

BOOT!

GOOD JOB I'M DECENT!

HOW ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT ME TO GET WHITE?

WHITE WASH

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN'S FANTASTIC POWERS ARE S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-D TO THE LIMIT BY JONAS SLEECH, A MIDGET OF MONSTER STRENGTH. HE HAS RESCUED PROFESSOR BIRD FROM SLEECH — BUT ONLY TO RUN STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF A SPEEDING CAR

THERE *ARE* ADVANTAGES IN BEING MADE OF RUBBER — AND BOUNCING LIKE A BALL IS *ONE* OF THEM!

THERE WERE TWO MEN IN FRONT OF ME A SECOND AGO. I'M SURE THERE WERE..! *BUT THEY'VE VANISHED!*

THERE IS STARK FEAR ON THE DRIVER'S FACE

I *MUST* BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! THIS IS THE *SECOND* THING I'VE SEEN *WHICH JUST COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!*

HE'S SCARED SILLY! SURELY *I'M* NOT THE REASON FOR IT?

I THINK I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND! BACK THERE, I SAW A TINY LITTLE MAN - AND HE PUSHED OVER A HUGE TRUCK **WITH ONE HAND!**

JONAS SLEECH! THAT'S WHO SCARED YOU!

THIS MAN HAS BEEN HURT. YOU TAKE HIM TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL WHILE *I* GO AND FIGHT *ROUND TWO* WITH OUR MIDGET SAMSON!

MEANWHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, JONAS SLEECH IS STILL CHANTING IN WILD EXCITEMENT.

POWER! POWER! NOW I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A *THOUSAND* MEN!

POWER! POWER!

THE STEEL NIGHT-DOOR IS BEING RIPPED OUT! BUT-BUT IT WOULD TAKE AN *ARMY* OF MEN TO DO THAT...!

CRASH!

IT - IT'S JUST *ONE* MAN! A LITTLE... AAAAAAAHHH!

NO ONE CAN STAND AGAINST ME!

NOW I HAVE THE POWER TO TAKE WHAT I WANT! *I COULD BECOME THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!*

THEN SLEECH'S NATURAL CUNNING RETURNS TO HIM.

BUT I AM FORGETTING THAT MY *STRENGTH* IS NO SHIELD AGAINST THE *GUNS* OF THE LAW. I HAVE BRAINS AS WELL AS THIS NEW POWER! *I MUST USE THEM BOTH!*

SLEECH SLINKS AWAY THROUGH THE BACK STREETS...

I SHALL GO INTO HIDING AND WORK OUT THE *BEST* WAY TO USE MY STRENGTH! I SHALL PLAN *WHERE* TO STRIKE — *HOW* TO GAIN THE *RICHEST* REWARD!

WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW!

SLEECH'S LANDLADY FEELS QUITE SORRY FOR HER NEW LODGER

WHAT A NICE, *QUIET* LITTLE MAN! BUT HE LOOKS SO SMALL AND *WEAK!* I'LL GIVE HIM EXTRA FOOD TO BUILD HIM UP A BIT. .

ONLY PROFESSOR BIRD AND *RUBBERMAN* KNOW OF THE *POWER* I POSSESS, AND BOTH ARE *DEAD!*

BUT THAT AFTERNOON

MISTER SMITH, THERE'S A SPECIAL NEWS PROGRAMME ON TELEVISION. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE IT. THE ANNOUNCER SAID THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO SPEAK *IS MADE OF RUBBER!*

W-H-A-A-A-T?

IN HIS RAGE, SLEECH GRIPS THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR...

AND SO THE POLICE HAVE ASKED ME TO DESCRIBE THIS RUTHLESS MAN TO YOU. DO NOT BE MISLED BY HIS SMALL SIZE, FOR HE IS, IN FACT, *THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AT LARGE...*

SO RUBBERMAN STILL LIVES! HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO COULD UPSET MY PLANS!

ABRUPTLY, JONAS SLEECH WALKS OUT. .

HIS NAME IS JONAS SLEECH. HE IS WELL UNDER FIVE FEET IN HEIGHT!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THAT CHAIR?

WHILE RUBBERMAN LIVES, I CANNOT BE SAFE! I MUST FIND HIM — *DESTROY HIM!*

THE SECRET OF JONAS SLEECH IS OUT — BUT SO IS THE SECRET OF *RUBBERMAN...*

HOTEL

THE FANTASTIC RUBBERMAN IS STAYING AT *THIS* HOTEL! IF WE WAIT HERE, WE MAY SEE HIM!

A NEWSPAPERMAN TRICKED PROFESSOR BIRD INTO TELLING HIM THE WHOLE STORY. AND NOW, IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD, I-I'M A *CURIOSITY! A FREAK!*

BUT SOMEONE ELSE IS WAITING AND WATCHING FOR RUBBERMAN ..

I DON'T LIKE IT! ONE MAN MADE OF RUBBER, AND ANOTHER STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL DOWN A HOUSE WITH HIS BARE HANDS! WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO?

I WOULD HAVE BEEN *MOBBED* IF I HADN'T LEFT THE HOTEL BY THE BACK EXIT!

THEN.

SLEECH!

YES, RUBBERMAN IT'S *ME!* YOU ESCAPED FROM ME ONCE — *BUT YOU WON'T AGAIN!*

JONAS SLEECH BRINGS HIS FANTASTIC STRENGTH INTO PLAY...

BY A MAN LIKE ME EVEN *RUBBER CAN BE RIPPED APART!* AND THAT IS JUST WHAT I AM *GOING* TO DO!

HE'S MUCH TOO STRONG FOR ME! I *CAN'T BREAK LOOSE FROM HIM!*

WARNING:—

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE GRIPPED IN NERVE STRETCHING EXCITEMENT — DON'T READ NEXT WEEK'S RUBBERMAN!

THE NERVS

FATTY IS BEING A FOOTBALL REFEREE...

PHEEP!

PEEP!

... BUT IN HIS LUNGS...

LUNG PUMP ROOM

YEAH! FATTY'S REFEREEING A FOOTBALL MATCH BUT WE GET ALL THE HARD WORK!

LUNG PUMP

WE'VE GOT TO RAISE THE WIND FOR HIM TO BLOW THAT BLOOMING WHISTLE!

WIND BAG

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS IT'S HALF-TIME - NOW WE'LL GET A BREATHER!

WISH WE HAD A FOOTBALL TEAM

PUMP ROOM

HOW COULD WE PLAY FOOTBALL? WE HAVEN'T GOT A BALL!

RHHMM! I BET WE COULD GET A BALL SOMEWHERE —

PHEEEP!

THERE'S BOUND TO BE AN OLD PEA IN FATTY'S TUM!

YEAH - AN OLD PEA WOULD DO FINE FOR A FOOTBALL!

STOMACH DEPT

US TUM NERVS LIKE IT WHEN FATTY'S REFEREEING A SOCCER MATCH — WHILE HE'S DOING THAT HE'S NOT EATING!

GASTRIC JUICE

PHEAP

GASTRIC JUICE

LEMON

HEY, CHARLIE! ANY OLD PEAS LEFT IN YOUR DEPARTMENT?

SORRY, JOE FATTY HAD PIE, BEANS AND CHIPS FOR DINNER TODAY — THERE'S NO PEAS! HAVE A BEAN FOR A BALL — THEN YOU CAN PLAY RUGBY!

AW! WHO WANTS TO PLAY RUGBY? IT'S FOOTBALL WE WANT TO PLAY!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL GO TO THE BRAIN NERVS THEY MIGHT HAVE A PEA UP THERE FATTY'S A PEA BRAIN..

CHEST HILL

SORRY, JOE — SOMEONE'S BEEN KIDDING YOU — THERE'S NO PEA UP HERE!

BRAIN

GLOOM

HUH! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE UP RUGBY, AFTER ALL!

BRAIN DRAIN

VEEOW! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

BACK IN FATTY'S LUNG

YOU'RE A GENIUS, JOE HOWEVER DID YOU THINK OF THIS IDEA?

NOW, LADS—ALL JUMP TOGETHER ON THE BELLOWS! LET'S GET A *GREAT BIG BLAST!*

VOICE BOX

DONE IT!

PHSSS!

HELP! WHY DID I DO THAT? I'VE BLOWN THE PEA OUT OF MY WHISTLE!

PHSSS!

PHEEEE!

MESSAGE FROM THE LUNG NERVS— WE'VE GOT TO GET FATTY'S MOUTH OPEN AND HIS HEAD BACK—*QUICK!*

NECK CONTROL

OPEN

WELL HELD, SIR!

GOT IT! HOW'S THAT?

COME ON! WE'LL GET A GAME OF FOOTBALL NOW. DOWN TO FATTY'S FOOT WE'VE GOT A BALL—THE PEA OUT OF HIS WHISTLE!

ANKLE LANE TO THE FEET AND TOES

FOUL!

PENALTY!

GOOD JOB IT WASN'T A SPLIT-PEA *(SNIGGER)!* WE COULD ONLY HAVE HAD A GAME AT *HALF-TIME* WITH THAT!

THE GHOST PATROL

THE GHOST PATROL HAVE BEEN SENT HURTLING BACK TO ROMAN TIMES BY A TIME MACHINE, AND ARE NOW SURROUNDED BY A FIERCE ROMAN ARMY. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THAT THEY CAN SAVE THEMSELVES— SO SERGEANT JOE SWITCHES ON HIS FANTASTIC 'SHIELD', AND TWO OF HIS MEN RISE INTO THE AIR WITH THE AID OF THEIR AMAZING HELMET...

THE ROMANS DON'T KNOW WHO TO LOOK AT— JOE, OR THE SARGE!

IT MUST BE TOO MUCH FOR THEM — AN INVISIBLE MAN AND TWO FLYING MEN BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!

THE SHIELD HAD MADE SERGEANT JOE AS TRANSPARENT AS SMOKE! HE PLUNGED ON, INTO THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING...

OUR SWORD-BLOWS PASS STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM!

AIEE! THE STRANGER IS A GHOST!

PHEW! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE SHIELD, I'D BE CHOPPED INTO MINCE!

JOE PASSED THROUGH THE MEN AS IF THEY DIDN'T EXIST! HE WAS MAKING FOR THE ROMAN COMMANDER...

BRING THE DOG DOWN, YOU FOOLS. USE ARROWS — JAVELINS!

THE COMMANDER WAS A BRAVE MAN, BUT HE COULDN'T FIGHT A GHOST...

YEEAAH! GET BACK!

LOOKS AS IF WE'LL NEED HELP HERE...

JOCK SEIZED HOLD OF THE SERGEANT— PADDY TOUCHED THE HELMET CONTROLS— AND A HUMAN CHAIN ZOOMED SKYWARDS...

USE THE TRANSLATOR, JOCK! TELL THE ROMAN WE'RE FRIENDS TELL HIM TO STOP THE FIGHTING, OR WE'LL DROP HIM ON HIS HEAD!

ALL RIGHT, SARGE — I'LL TRY!

JOE SIGNALLED TO PADDY, HOVERING HIGH ABOVE...

I'LL HAVE TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT — OR WE'LL ALL GET CHOPPED UP!

AS PADDY SWOOPED DOWN, JOE SUDDENLY SWITCHED OFF THE SHIELD AND DIVED AT THE ROMAN COMMANDER...

QUICK, PADDY — HOIST US UP OUT OF HERE!

THE ROMAN KNEW WHEN HE WAS BEATEN!

SO BE IT! MY LEGION HAS BEATEN THAT EGYPTIAN RABBLE, ANYWAY! SET ME DOWN SAFELY, AND I'LL PROMISE YOU'LL COME TO NO HARM!

HE AGREES, SARGE!

PADDY TOUCHED THE CONTROLS AGAIN — AND THE HUMAN CHAIN FELL TO EARTH WITH A BUMP . . .

HEY! ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL US?

THE COMMANDER ROARED ORDERS TO HIS OFFICERS, AND A MOMENT LATER . . .

STOP THE BATTLE! LET THE ENEMY RUN!

NOW THAT THE ROMANS HAD STOPPED THE FIGHT, THEIR ENEMIES WERE STREAMING FROM THE FIELD IN CHAOS...

WHO WAS YOUR LEGION FIGHTING, COMMANDER?

A RABBLE OF *EGYPTIANS!* THEIR KING TRIED TO STOP ME FROM CROSSING HIS COUNTRY!

JOE, PADDY AND JOCK WERE SURROUNDED BY ROMANS. JOE TOOK THE TRANSLATOR . . .

MANY ROMANS BELIEVE IN GODS, STRANGER — BUT I DO NOT! SO YOU MUST BE A *MAGICIAN* TO HAVE SUCH MIGHTY POWERS!

NO, COMMANDER — WE ARE JUST MEN, LIKE YOU! IT IS THE MACHINES WE HAVE THAT GIVE US MIGHTY POWERS!

MEANWHILE, FURTHER ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD, CORNY KERRIGAN AND THE REST OF THE PATROL WERE ADVANCING. CORNY HAD JUST SHOT DOWN THE ROMAN CAVALRY WITH HIS PARALYSER GUN . . .

GOSH, CORNY — YOU PACK SOME PUNCH IN THAT WEAPON!

BUT IT DOESN'T LAST LONG! THESE HORSES AND MEN WILL BE UP AND KICKING AGAIN IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR!

WALKING THROUGH THE ROMAN RANKS, CORNY AND THE PATROL CAME UP TOWARDS JOE AND THE ROMAN COMMANDER . . .

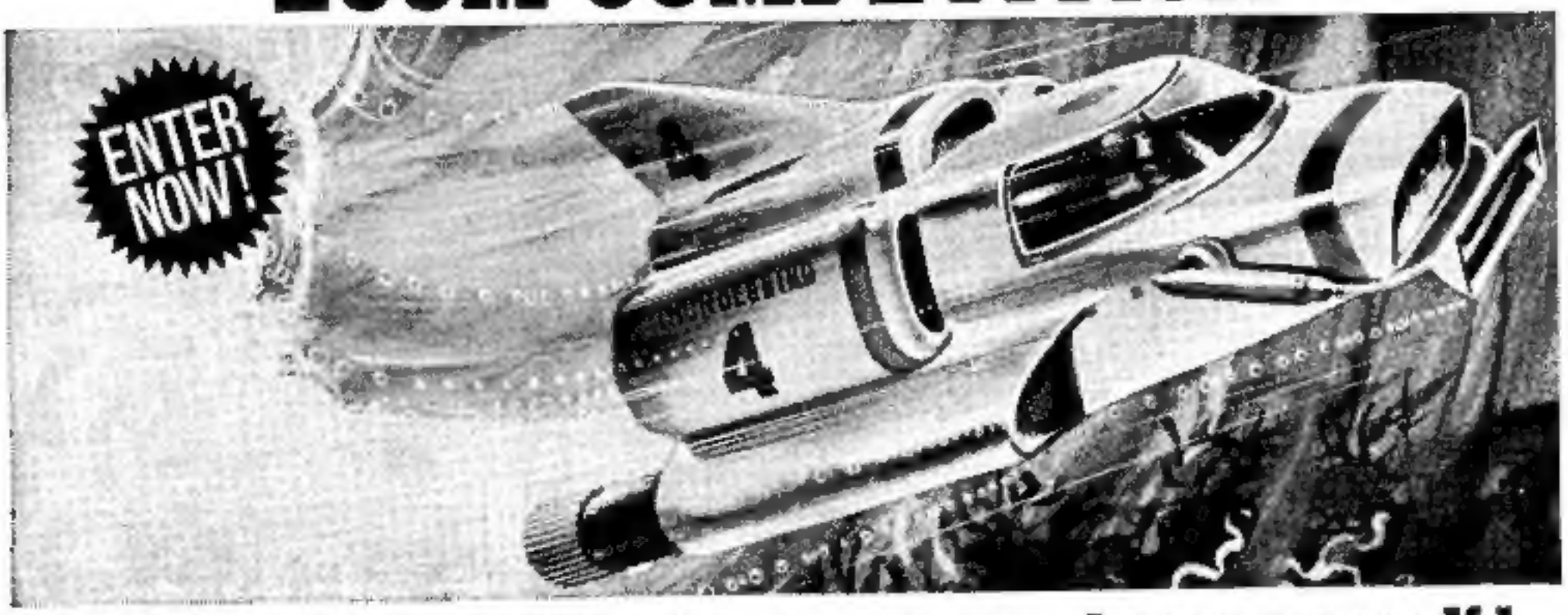
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEATEN THE EGYPTIANS, COMMANDER — BUT YOU COULD NEVER DESTROY US! THAT ONE MAN, THERE, HAS A WEAPON THAT COULD STOP YOUR WHOLE LEGION!

WE HAVE SEEN THAT, STRANGER! DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T FIGHT YOU!

WE ARE FIGHTING CARTHAGE! THEIR GREAT GENERAL HANNIBAL HAS LAID WASTE OUR HOMELAND, AND MY LEGION IS GOING TO ATTACK CARTHAGE! BE MY ALLY, STRANGER, AND GO WITH US TO CARTHAGE!

Next Week: SERGEANT JOE IN DEADLY PERIL!

"S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS" ZOOM COMPETITION



10 First Prizes of £100 of toys you can choose yourself!

A S.O.S. from Lady Penelope . . . Stranded on Pacific Island . . . No water, no food.

B S.O.S. from Australia . . . Flying-saucer landed with Martians. Have captured Army headquarters and have death-ray guns.

C S.O.S. from Atlantic . . . Jet-ship disaster . . . Sinking . . . Passengers awaiting rescue.

D S.O.S. from atomic research station. In path of volcanic lava. Please rescue scientists.

E S.O.S. Thunderbird 4 wrecked in the Arctic. Commander-in-Chief of International Rescue Organisation aboard.

F S.O.S. Thunderland Dam in danger of bursting. Collect Engineers and send quickly to Thunderland.

20 2nd Prizes of super bicycles 500 Cameras as Consolation Prizes - and a Prize for mum too!

Have fun boys and girls. Here's an exciting competition that gives you all the thrills of the famous Thunderbirds TV series—plus 530 chances of winning a prize! For the first prize, you yourself can choose £100 worth of toys—from a list containing Go Karts, record players, radios, etc. If you win a 1st or 2nd prize your Mum can choose £15 of Philips home appliances for herself. And everyone who completes one whole entry form will receive a super set of coloured Thunderbirds transfers. So start right away.

How to enter Imagine you're on duty in the control room of International Rescue, with the 5 "Thunderbirds" ready for rescue operations.

Suddenly, six desperate rescue situations arise (as illustrated in pictures A to F). You are asked to help with each of them. But you can only deal with one at a time. So you must decide *in what order you would undertake the six rescues.*

Which rescue do you think is the most urgent? Put the Picture letter of the one you choose beside First Rescue in the 1st Try column on your entry form. Now put the Picture letter of your Second Rescue in the 1st Try column—and so on, until you have completed the six rescues.

You can have up to 6 tries on the Entry Form, provided you send one Zoom wrapper for each try. Your sixth try is *free.*

Now copy out the short sentence on the Entry Form as *neatly as you can.* Write in your name, age and address clearly. Then post your entry with the correct number of Zoom wrappers in a sealed and correctly stamped envelope, addressed to:—

Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18/20 St. Andrew Street, London E.C.4 (Comp.)

The closing date is Monday, August 8th, 1966. You can enter as often as you like until that date.

RULES

1. Boys and Girls living in the United Kingdom may enter providing they will be under 16 on 8th August, 1966, the closing date for entries.

2. Every entry examined and First Prize awarded to competitor whose order of organising the six rescue operations is judged best by expert judges. All other prizes to next-best entries in order of merit. Mother or guardians of winners of 1st and 2nd prizes will each receive a £15 worth of Philips home appliances.

3. In event of ties, judges will make awards to competitors whose ending or printing and general neatness of the copied sentence are judged best. No alterations being made for age.

4. Boys and Girls enter on understanding that judges' decision on all contest matters is final and legally binding. Correspondence not allowed.

5. No limit to number of entries, but they must be made on INK or BALLPOINT and accompanied by correct number of ZOOM iced lolly wrappers. Entries must be posted to—Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18/20, St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.).

6. Every winner notified by post and complete list of names available for inspection for two weeks dating from 22nd August, 1966, at Glacier House, Hammersmith Grove, London, W.6.

Extra entry forms available at shops or take selling Lyons Maid 'Zoom' iced Lollies or from Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18/20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.). Please mark envelope 'Rules and Entry Form' and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

ENTRY FORM FOR ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' CONTEST

Thunderbird Rescues	1st Try	2nd Try	3rd Try	4th Try	5th Try	Free 6th Try
1st Rescue						
2nd Rescue						
3rd Rescue						
4th Rescue						
5th Rescue						
6th Rescue						

Now copy neatly in the space below
'ZOOM' iced Lollies are made by Lyons Maid

Now neatly fill in the rest of this Entry Form and post to: ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' COMPETITION, 18/20 St. Andrew St. London E.C.4. (Comp.)

Name _____ **Age** _____

Address _____

Town _____ **County** _____

Lyons Maid

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!

HELLO FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

TAP! TAP!

AH! MY FAVOURITE PROGRAMME – 'GHOUL GALA'!

YEAH – STARRING THE GROOVY GRAVEDIGGERS!"

GHOUL GALA

ONE HOUR LATER...

SCRATCH!

WHO WAS MAKING THAT ROW ALL THROUGH OUR FAVOURITE PROGRAMME?

TAP! TAP!

IT WAS COMING FROM THE FIREPLACE, MR FEENDISH.

CLICK!

CLICK!

CR-EA-EA-K!

TAP! SCRATCH!

ODD! I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING ANY SECRET ROOMS BEHIND THERE!

YOW!

RUMBLE!

CLOBBER!

MR FEENDISH! GASP! I'VE DONE IT AT LAST – GASP! – AFTER THIRTY-FOUR YEARS!

WHO'S HE?

I DON'T KNOW. WAIT A MINUTE, THOUGH...

FAINT!

I REMEMBER – IT'S PROFESSOR WETT! I TOLD YOU IN 1932 NOT TO COME OUT UNTIL YOU'D MADE IT!

...BUT I HAVE MADE IT!

HURRAY! HE'S MADE IT! POWER AND WEALTH AT LAST!

MADE WHAT, MR FEENDISH?

A RAIN-MAKING MACHINE! LOOK – I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH IT!

RAIN-MAKER

COO! HOW?

FARMERS ALWAYS NEED RAIN! WE'LL SELL IT TO THEM!

BUT WHEN THE OLD CROOK TRIES TO SELL HIS RAIN...

GET OUT, YOU OLD TWIT! THIS IS THE WETTEST SUMMER WE'VE HAD FOR FIFTY YEARS IN ENGLAND!

FARM

RAIN-MAKER

BAH! IGNORANT YOKEL!

SO GRIMLY SETS OFF FOR FOREIGN SHORES...

I KNOW WHERE WE'LL GO – THE SAHARA DESERT!

ON TOW

'ON TOW'? IT'S ON MY FLIPPIN' FINGERS, TOO!

I'LL MAKE IT RAIN OVER YOUR KINGDOM, MR SHEIK!

IF YOU DO, ALL THESE GOLD SHEKELS ARE YOURS!

RAIN £5 PER ACRE

TURN IT ON, PROF!

ONE DELUGE COMING UP!

CHURN!

SEVEN SECONDS LATER, ABOVE 10,000 SAHARAN ACRES...

TURN OFF THE RAIN NOW, MR FEENDISH, AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD!

TURN IT OFF, PROF.

EH? OH, IT DOESN'T TURN OFF – YOU CAN ONLY TURN IT ON!

SORRY, MR FEENDISH – I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING I'D FORGOTTEN!

BAH!

GRR! THE FOOLS HAVE GIVEN US TOO MUCH RAIN! THEY'VE FLOODED THE SAHARA!

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QUEEN OF THE SEAS

SHIPMATES! MEET THE REVEREND AUGUSTUS CRUMP, VICAR OF ST. SWITHIN'S BY THE SEA, (AND AMATEUR HISTORIAN) WHO IS DETERMIND TO PROVE TO HIS DOUBTING CONGREGATION...

...THAT THE ANCESTORS OF THE BABYLONIANS ORIGINALLY SAILED FROM CLACTON-ON-SEA, ASTRIDE DOUBLE-YOKED DODO EGGS, 2,000 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST!

H'M! VERILY, THEY WON'T SNIGGER AT MY SERMON NEXT SUNDAY!

SIXTY-SIX SERMONLESS SUNDAYS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE SARGASSO SEA...

...AND THEREFORE, LORD, DELIVER THIS, THY LOST LAMB, FROM THE WATERY WILDERNESS AND FORGIVE HIM FOR BEING A BIG-HEADED, BLUNDERING, NIT!

BIG EGG ON PORT BOW, NUMBER-ONE! LEFT LOCK, AND REVERSE ENGINE!

AHEM! ER- EGG AHOY! ER - WE SEEM TO HAVE GONE SLIGHTLY OFF COURSE, OL' BOY! IS THIS THE 'WASH'? WE'RE TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY TO GREAT YARMOUTH!

I KNOWETH NOT! I SEEKETH ST. SWITHIN'S, MY SON.

HAST THOUGH SEEN OUGHT OF A BENT SPIRE STICKING ABOVE THE HORIZON, AND SURMOUNTED BY A CROOKED COCK? WAA-HM! I'M LOST!

ERE! STEADY ON, LAD! WE'VE BEEN LOST SINCE A WEEK LAST TUESDAY!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE REVEREND CRUMP HAS PLACED HIMSELF IN A POSITION WHEREBY HE'LL NEVER SEE ST. SWITHIN'S AGAIN!

SNIFF! SOB! VERILY, MY CONGREGATION WILL ROLL OUT OF THEIR PEWS WITH MIRTH WHEN THEY HEAR OF THIS LARK!

CHEER UP!

A GOOD MEAL WILL PUT YOU RIGHT, PAL!

CRUMBS! I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM SCRAMBLED EGGS AND OMELETTE, BUT WE'RE OUT OF EGGS, AND I CAN'T GIVE A VICAR BOILED BARNACLES AN' SEA-SLUG SAUCE SAME AS US!

WHAT'LL I DO?

EGGS

SUDDENLY - INSPIRATION!

BY GOLLY! HIS OWN EGG! THE SIMPERIN' TWIT WILL NEVER MISS A SPOT OF WHITE! HEE-HEE! I'LL BLOCK THE HOLE UP AFTERWARDS WITH BERT'S BUBBLE GUM!

AND SO...

ONE OMELETTE COMIN' UP! - ERK! (GASP! CHOKE!)

STUNNING STENCH!

WHOO

CRUNCH

HAVING BEEN LAID BY A DIABETIC DODO 3,000 YEARS BEFORE 'LITTLE LIONS' WERE INVENTED, THIS EGG ISN'T EXACTLY FRESH!

HELP! BERT! I'M BEIN' OVERCOME BY A PREHISTORIC PONG! GASP!

BLAH-H-H

FOUL FUMES!

AND SO, AS THE GAS DRIFTS FORARD, BOTH CREW AND PASSENGER ARE OVERCOME...

HISTORIC HUM!

HAZY DAZE!

SWOON!

DAZY MAZE

NAUSEATING NIFF!

LEAVING THE "BOUYANT QUEEN" TO STEAM STEADILY ON ACROSS THE SARGASSO ENTIRELY ON HER OWN - AT LEAST TILL NEXT WEEK!

PETRIFYING PONG OF DEAD PODO

BLAH-H-H!

BURBLE!

GASP!